
Title: Journal of a Trammie Vol. 1

Author: DarkCircle-Literature Dept.

In my many visits to
Felucca, i have
encountered three types
of people: those that
are just there, several
are very skilled warriors,
and the rest, well... The
rest have shown
cowardice beyond anything
that I ever imagined
existed. Angry with the
very existence of
Trammel, they belittle,
and mock its residents.
I believe this to be the
general mentality, due to
the simple fact that
there is a severe
shortage of vulnerable
people to take advantage
of (ie, visitors new to
the land, and
nonaggressive crafters
and merchants). The 3rd
type of Feluccian (now,
referred to as the
"Fely-DungBug") are similar
to hungry flies that
swarm visitors to their
land, like a warm pile of
dung; frenzied with
starvation, they race to
get their mouthful. The
same applies in combat:
what may seem like a
"One-On-One" brawl at
first, will quickly turn
into "A Lot More than
One-On-One", once the
Fely-DungBug begins losing.
And that in itself,
must be expanded upon.
The constant rantings of
these cowards such as,
that they are the
superiors of any resident
of Trammel, only
magnifies their weakness.

The only people from Felucca to be feared in true One-On-One combat are the people that have tasted the power of several Sacred Scrolls. For these people have become very powerful opponents & unlike their wanna-be counterparts, do not need to scream for help when being attacked. It is quite entertaining to see a braggart talk down to a "Trammie" in that special way that they do, and then run crying for help when their life is hanging by a thread, from the fingers of such an "unworthy" opponent. What is almost as entertaining as witnessing such a sight, is then listening to the nonsense and excuses made by the Fely-DungBug after the fact. Yes, they do vary in severity and variety, depending mainly on how bad they were being beaten, and how many people it took to "Rescue" them from the grip of death. Some of these include, "Go home Trammie, we dont want your kind here", and strange letter/number combinations that i must assume state, "If not for my friends' and their impeccable timing, i would be very much dead.". Once in a while, the Fely-DungBug will be at a loss for words, silently walking away licking its wounds, completely consumed with shame and embarrassment. Many tired phrases have been used to justify these occurances such as, "Fel is Fel, and anything goes." and "If you dont like Felucca, dont come here.", but the only thing that can bring absolute

justification to these
matters is the truth;
Felucca is a waste-land,
infected by the diseased
minds of beings too
self-seeking to tend to
their crumbling world.
The times have changed,
and the world, with its
people must now follow.
Felucca will burn, that is
obvious, but the real
questions are; With the
Age of Shadows to come,
where will you be? What
will you be doing? Are
you still going to hide
behind other people? Or
more importantly, will
that even matter? To
be honest, i dont think
its going to matter at
all. The energies from
Malas can be felt even
now. Who can say that
new champions of evil do
not exist under its
surface? And who's to
say that vile beings
havent been plotting to
take control of places
beneath even... Trammel
itself? The end is a lot
closer for not only many
creatures, but for the
very lifestyles that these
beings pride themselves
on - Beast and Man alike
These are my notes as
of late. They will be
updated every now and
then to show the
progress of my studies.

Please feel free to
Insult, Criticize, and Poke
Fun at any grammatical
or spelling errors if you
think that will... help the
situation, or make you
feel better.